BALLADE OF THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Oh! for an undiscovered land
  Where novelists may emigrate,
And with their thrifty pens in hand
  Their freshly varnished tales narrate.
Prairie and plain pass out of date;
The middle West is wearing out;
  Tales of the South are decades late;
Oh, for a land to write about!

New England's not in loud demand,
  Europe's a theme attenuate;
They've done up India's coral strand.
  At Greenland they don't hesitate.
  With geographic zeal elate,
They seek for pastures new, and shout:
  "Oh, for a wild to penetrate!
Oh, for a land to write about!"

They're left, this romance-writing band,
  No spot on earth inviolate;
They'v set their scenes in "Beulah-Land,"
  Or Russian steppes, or Golden Gate.
  'Tis not the plot, the style, of late,—
It is the literary scout
  That other writers emulate.
Oh, for a land to write about!

A few are bold enough, when scanned
  Entire the geographic slate,
A spook or medium to command
  And in a trance to speculate
  Of Mars and of the moon; or prate
Of spheres our cosmos wide without.
  Now, will the novel-trade abate
Without new lands to write about?

The novelist's a clever hand,—
  Witty and wise, he's worth his weight!
'Tis pitiful to see him stand
  Baffled, resourceless, palpitate!
  For all the world's illuminate,—
For "copy" 'tis turned inside out.
  Till a new planet emanuate,—
Oh, for a land to write about!

ENVOI.

Pity the scribe insatiate,
  Traveler from the far redoubt!
Canst of a virgin soil narrate?
  Where is the land to write about?
—Olivia Howard Dunbar, in Life.

QUITE EXCEPTIONAL.

By BARRY PAIN.

"It's a curious thing," he said, meditatively, as he put down his newspaper, "one of the most curious things that ever happened to me." He was a gentleman of suburban residence and unimpeachable character, and the most curious incidents of his life happened to him habitually. If he took a cab from Charing Cross to the City, you might be certain that, upon his soul, one of the most curious sights he ever witnessed would be presented to him on the way. He saw his insignificant life through a magnifying glass. His family were quite used to this, and his declaration created no excitement. His wife said languidly, because she knew it was expected of her, "Well, George, and what was it?"

George passed a large, fat hand over his troubled eyes. "It's a difficult thing to say, exactly," he said ponderingly; "I should describe it as a trick of the memory."

"You mean you've forgotten something?"

"No, no; not at all. Nothing of the kind—at least, I do appear to have forgotten something; but at the same time I have remembered something. It's the conjunction—I might say the simultaneous conjunction—which is so remarkable."

"I see," said his wife. This was, of course, totally untrue.

"Fidgets me rather, a thing of that kind," he said, with puckered brows.

"It is trying," said his wife. "I suppose I couldn't help you at all?"

"You? No. Certainly not. Of course not. I shall get it in a minute."

But he went off to church with his family without having got it, and in an increasingly irritated frame of mind.

"George," said his wife at luncheon, "do you know you did a very curious thing in the Litany?" She had acquired his habit of finding everything very curious.

"No," snapped George. "Nothing of the kind. Absurd! What was it?" His manner, in the intimacy of his family circle was certainly brusque, especially when his mind was much occupied, as in the present case.

"But you did. It was in one of the responses, and you suddenly said 'Hah!' quite out loud. I'm sure I thought everybody would have heard you."

"Did I? If I did it was because I happened to think just at that moment that I had got hold of the thing that I was trying to remember before church. As it turned out, I was mistaken."

"Well, George, if you make such a secret and mystery about it, of course nobody on earth can help you."

"There is no mystery about it at all. The fact is simply this. Happening to meet Bodgers in the City yesterday, I stopped for a few minutes' chat, and he asked me a riddle—or, as one might say, a conundrum. I care very little for that kind of thing as a general rule, but this was without exception the finest and cleverest thing of the kind I every heard. I meant, in fact, to make a note of it."

"And now you've forgotten it," said his wife, injudiciously.

"No. Don't interrupt. I have partly remembered it. If I had forgotten it that would only be what has happened to everybody. If I had remembered the question and forgotten the answer it would not have been very unusual. But I can remember the answer and not the question, and I doubt if that has happened to anybody before me." The belief that he was quite exceptional seemed to comfort him a little.

"Well, George, if you tell us what the answer is, very likely we can give you the question. It seems so silly for you to worry yourself like this, when it may be a riddle that one of us knows. As a girl I was very fond of anything of that kind. I even wrote them out in a book."

"It's extremely unlikely that you would know it. Bodgers gave it to me as quite the latest thing. Williams, who was with me at the time, had never heard it before, and it was quite new to me. However, sooner than be bothered any further about it I will tell you what the answer was. The answer was, 'From the way she does her hair.' Now, then, what was the question?"

There was dead silence around the mahogany table. Brows were wrinkled in deep thought. His wife repeated the words over and over again under her breath with a pious but unfounded belief that this would help her.

"Now, then," said her husband sharply, "you pretended that you knew the question—what was it?"

"I can't help thinking that I've heard it," she said, feebly.

And then George's wrath broke forth upon her, and she was asked why she had interfered at all. Left to himself he would have settled the whole thing by then. If he wanted to remember a thing he could remember it. That was certain. He was not in his dotage. But officious interference made a difference, of course.

Then he complained of the closeness of the room, tugged at the cord of his new patent ventilator, broke it, and was nothing bettered.

As the Sunday wore on to its haggard close his poor, mistaken family requested him to give it up. Then he pulled out the heroic stop. This particular riddle—though it was the most amusing he had ever heard in his life—was nothing; but the principle of the thing was everything. To give in would be a sign of weakness. He was not the man to put his hand to the plow and then look back. What success he had had in life had been due chiefly to his indomitable perseverance.

His wife said that it was just the same with Napoleon. This may or may not have been true, but it was the best card she had played yet. It procured a respite of an hour.

At the end of that hour he sacked the page; the boy's lot had been for long in the balance. He accelerated the bedtime of his youngest son by one hour. He refused everybody permission to do anything. He said that expenses would have to be cut down all around.

And then, quite suddenly, he remembered the question to that riddle. Everybody knows the silly old riddle, of course, so there is no need to repeat it. —Black and White.

Noses and Eyeglasses.

When a man who wears glasses gets a cold in his head he has a hard time. That fact is apparent to anybody who gets about town at a time when grip is prevalent and watches the antics of the sufferer. It is not the watery condition of the eyes that gives him trouble, it is his nose. Not one man in a thousand can keep his glasses on when he blows his nose; consequently he who performs that nasal office frequently has considerable difficulty.

The wise man in glasses never tries to read when suffering with a cold. He gets no satisfaction out of the printed page.

"Dreadful accident on th—" he reads and then before he can find out where it was, his attention is forcibly directed elsewhere, and it is only in snatches that he gets the details of the disaster. A man who has had experience with colds seldom even puts his glasses on when so afflicted. He only has to take them off every two or three minutes, and until somebody invents a device warranted to prevent their dislodgment during nasal contortions he prefers to go it blind.—New York Times.

Fatal Misunderstanding.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Editor," said the rural looking visitor briskly, entering the sanctum. "I've brought you in some nice spring poultry, which I—"

"Get out! Get out! Take it away!" exclaimed the busy editor, savagely. "I don't want it! Haven't any room for it."

The rural-appearing visitor hurried out, looking scared. The society reporter got his breath and gasped:

"Wh-wh-wh-what's this? No room for spring poultry?"

"Poultry! Great heavens!" and the editor got up and tore his hair. "I thought he said poetry."—New York Times.

The Benefits.

Opdyke—What's the use of arguing with a woman? You can never convince her.

Depeyster—True. But think of the pleasure it gives the woman.—Town and Country.

The Indian's Point of View.

By Dr. Charles A. Eastman.

THE Indian's side of any controversy between him and the white man has never really been presented at all. History has necessarily been written from the white man's standpoint and largely from the reports of commanding officers, naturally anxious to secure full credit for their gallantry or to conceal any weakness.

Take as an illustration the so-called "battle" of Wounded Knee. A ring was formed about the Indians, and after disarming most of them one man resisted, and the troops began firing toward the centre, killing nearly all the Indians and necessarily many of their own men. The soldiers then followed up fleeing women and children and shot them down in cold blood. This is not called a massacre in official reports. The press of the country did not call it a massacre. On the other hand, General Custer was in pursuit of certain bands of Sioux. He followed their trail two days and finally overtook and surprised them upon the Little Big Horn. The warriors met him in force and he was beaten at his own game. It was a brilliant victory for the Indians, whom Custer had taken at a disadvantage in the midst of their women and children. This battle goes down in history as the "Custer massacre."

The Joy of Working.

Pleasures of Which the Producer of the Present is Deprived.

By Caroline L. Hunt.

THE producer of old had pleasures of which the producer of the present knows not. He had the quiet and safety and healthfulness of a small shop. He had common interest with fellow-workers and apprentices in village politics or in church affairs. Best of all, perhaps, there was a personal quality in his work because it was done for friends or for acquaintances, and an ever-present sense of its importance because it met needs which he had seen and recognized, and which his own manner of life, similar to that of the consumer and on the same social plane, prepared him to understand. He had, for example, possibly known for months that his neighbor was saving money with which to hire him to make the chest of drawers upon which he was working, and there was a zest and a delight in his labor because he knew just how much she needed the piece of furniture, just where it was to stand and just what purpose it was to serve. The favorable conditions of his work, the pleasanter surroundings, the personal quality of labor, the feeling of its direct usefulness were intensified in case of the housewife who worked in her own house with and for those she loved.

Now all is changed. The factory hand spends his working day in a great, dingy shop with the maddening of the machinery in his ears. His associates are strangers with whom he has little or nothing in common besides his work. He labors for an indefinite, far-away consumer whose manner of life is unknown to him. He has for this consumer neither the fellow-feeling which comes from sharing life in the same community, nor its only substitute, the ability which comes from broad education and from travel to project oneself in imagination across space and to put oneself in the place of a stranger and to realize his needs.—The Chautauquan.

Arctic America.

By Andrew J. Stone, Explorer and Naturalist.

TO undertake to give people a correct conception of Arctic America, or any part of it, is difficult. Although they know that the country is much larger than the United States, they look upon it as being all alike—a country of long, dark winters, fields of ice and snow, and barren wastes. In truth, within Arctic and sub-Arctic America there is much diversity of climate. And in this beautiful summer-land of Alaska, there are in midsummer endless fields of beautiful plant life. Many times I have left my camp at the foot of the mountains, and passing through a little meadow where a variety of wild grasses waved their tops above my head, I would commence to climb among the dense, tangled, and almost tropical jungle of alders, where grew several varieties of the most beautiful ferns.

Reaching the upper limits of the alders, great, waving fields of the purple lupine and dainty red columbine covered acres and acres of the high, rolling hills. Among them, wild celery and wild parsnip grew many feet high, and other luxuriant foliage plants gave my surroundings an almost tropical appearance. A little farther, many little ponds grew beautiful, yellow lilies, with their great leaves resting on the surface of the water, and the purple iris bordered the shores.

Still higher came the yellow sunflowers, white and purple daisies in endless fields, and higher yet, violets, pinks, forget-me-nots, buttercups and bluebells, and dozens and dozens of dainty, blossoming plants in many colors.

Purple is the predominating color, then white and yellow and blue and pink dividing honors. But few red flowers were seen. I have traveled many miles where every foot of my way was one grand profusion of beautiful flowers in many varieties.—Scribner's.

A Look Into the Future.

By President Roosevelt.

WE have every right to take a just pride in the great deeds of our forefathers; but we show ourselves unworthy to be their descendants if we make what they did an excuse for our lying supine instead of an incentive to the effort to show ourselves by our acts worthy of them. In the administration of city, State and Nation, in the management of our home life and the conduct of our business and social relations, we are bound to show certain high and fine qualities of character under penalty of seeing the whole heart of our civilization eaten out while the body still lives.

We justly pride ourselves on our marvellous material prosperity, and such prosperity must exist in order to establish a foundation upon which a higher life can be built; but unless we do in very fact build this higher life thereon, the material prosperity itself will go for but very little. Now, in 1902, in the altered conditions, we must meet the changed and changing problems with the spirit shown by the men who in 1803 and in the subsequent years gained, explored, conquered and settled this vast territory, then a desert, now filled with thriving and populous States.

The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities; and we must make the new days great by showing these same qualities. We must insist upon courage and resolution, upon hardihood, tenacity and fertility in resource; we must insist upon the strong virile virtues, and we must insist no less upon the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, regard for the rights of others; we must show our abhorrence of cruelty, brutality and corruption, in public and in private life alike.

If we come short in any of these qualities we shall measurably fail, and if, as I believe we surely shall, we develop these qualities in the future to an even greater degree than in the past, then in the century now beginning we shall make of this republic the freest and most orderly, the most just and mighty Nation which has ever come forth from the womb of time.

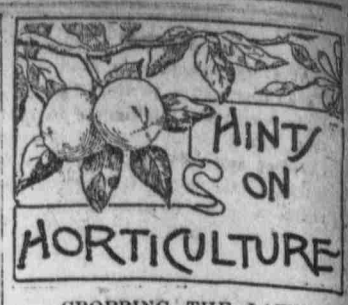
A Curious Surgical Discovery.

An old soldier living at Suguy, in the Ardennes, who was shot in the war of 1870, afterward had the bullet removed. During an operation which he has just undergone the surgeon found a penny, dated 1856, deeply embedded behind the bullet scar. It was bent, and had evidently been carried by the bullet from the man's pocket into the flesh.

Constant Advertising.

The people come to have a feeling of personal acquaintance with and friendliness for an establishment whose advertisement they see every day in their newspapers.—Philadelphia Record.

The farm colony for inebriate women at Duxhurst, England, has applications from 3000 women a year in excess of the number it can accommodate.



CROPPING THE LAWN.

No lawn can stand cropping continually without fertilizer. Wood ashes make the best fertilizer for lawns that abound largely in white clover, while all lawns are benefited by a mixture of wood ashes and super-phosphate. In the fall the lawn should be well dressed with fine stable manure.

A NEW ANNUAL.

One of the newest annuals that may be started from seed in the spring with every assurance of success belongs to the hardy, much-enduring class of annuals—the Scabiosa family. The

newest of the Scabiosas is the "Royal Velvet Novelty." Each well-rounded head of bloom is a bouquet in itself. The royal purple tinting of the distinct florets with the white stamens standing out in fine contrast, make a gorgeous effect when this blooms in masses.—Philadelphia Record.

OLD ORCHARDS.

Old orchards are a problem. It will not pay to graft them. Those worth saving should be trimmed closely and scraped, washing the trunks with strong lye or lime wash. Plow and manure next spring. Spraying also helps to renovate an old tree. Another way is what has been called "killing gradually." The old tree is cut back recklessly without expecting the wounds to heal. The cutting stimulates fruiting and the tree gives a crop or two of nice, large fruit. It is then cut away some more, and so on until the crops cease to pay, after which the tree is grubbed out. The method to be preferred depends on the condition of the trees. Orders for young trees should be placed before the rush of business at the nurseries. It is a good plan to save some seeds of apple and other tree fruit and raise a few seedlings. When budded or grafted they will come handy to replace dead trees and for new plantings.—Green's Fruit Grower.

USING BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

As fruit growers become more familiar with the uses of Bordeaux mixture they more thoroughly appreciate its value, although experiments during the past season demonstrate that it has been used stronger than is necessary except where the plants have been infested unusually bad. The most desirable formula is four pounds of copper sulphate and four pounds of unslaked lime to forty gallons of water. Place the copper in an old bag and hang it in a few gallons of water until dissolved. The lime should be slaked and then strained into the copper solution, at the same time adding the balance of the water. When the mixture is to be used it should be kept stirred, so that the ingredients will be well mixed. As the mixture is given it is used mainly for scale, and when it is to be used on insects, such as potato bugs, Paris green may be added at the rate of one pound to 150 gallons of the Bordeaux.—Indianapolis News.

GRAFTING SEEDLNGS.

Those who have peach seedlings two years or more old can graft them. Cleft-graft below the surface of the ground and pack moist, firm soil firmly about the stock and scion, leaving one to two buds above the surface. No wax is needed. If the stock is not large enough to hold scion firm, tie same as for buds. If the stock is large enough cut below the collar to keep from suckering, as many seedlings will. I have grafted thousands of seedling peaches with apricot, almond, peach and plum. Save scions the same as for other grafting. Graft any time in the spring, before the stocks start to grow much, if any. One can also graft suckers around old trees by banking the soil up nicely about the scions. Strong suckers from healthy roots will soon make bearing trees. I have grafted many apples and pears below the surface, getting good results. Scions for grafting below the surface must be longer than those used in top grafting.—Rural New Yorker.

When you throw dull care to the wind, be sure it is blowing strongly away from you.